THE

POLYANTHOS.

MAY, 1806.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE, M. D.*

Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physick in the University of Cambridge.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

"THE great object of biography is to hold up the benefactors of mankind, to the view of that society, which they have benefited; to endeavour to appreciate their talents, and thereby to excite a sense of gratitude, in the minds of the publick, to their best friends." That this remark is applicable to the subject of the present memoir, no one will doubt, who has paid attention to the meritorious and successful labours of the AMERICAN JENNER.

The lives of literary and medical men seldom afford any great scope for biographical remark. The practice of physick very much

resembles the events of ordinary life, where he is most noticed, who makes the most money; where he, who devotes his time to plans of a publick nature, is less regarded. But the subject of the following sketch forms an exception to this remark. The life of a private person, who has, by his assiduous application and uniform judicious conduct, raised himself to eminence among his cotemporaries, tends to excite emulation in the mind of the reader; especially the young, and bids him "go and do likewise." He claims the first of honours, who, by diligent and successful exertions of his talents, effectuates a publick good, by which posterity will be benefited.

Among the distinguished literary and professional characters of our country, it would be difficult to select one, who has evinced more zeal, in the cause of science and humanity, than the subject of this memoir. Dr. BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE was born at Newport, Rhode-Island, where he received the ground-work of a good classical and medical education; the first chiefly in a school founded by the celebrated Dean Berkley; and the latter under a skilful Scotch physician. The eminent and very learned Dr. Arthur Browne* and Mr. Stew-

* Arthur Browne, L. L. D. Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin; King's Professor of Greek and of Law; Vicar General of Kildare and Prime Sargeant; Member of Parliament for the University, and author of many learned works. See a sketch of his life in the Monthly Anthology. He died last year in Dublin, highly honoured and universally lamented.

art the celebrated painter, and Dr. Waterhouse, were about the same age, and at the same school; all three had an invincible desire to visit Europe; and they all obtained their wishes.

Dr. Waterhouse was encouraged to visit England by his kinsman, the famous Dr. Fothergill. He arrived in London in April, 1775, and in the autumn of the same year, repaired to the University of Edinburgh, when *Cullen*, *Black*, and *Monro*, were at the zenith of their reputation. During the year, he remained at that celebrated medical school. On his return to London, the next season, he reentered the hospitals and attended the most noted anatomical, surgical, chemical, and medical lectures, given at that time in the metropolis of Britain.

Dr. W. had not been long in London, before his old friend Stewart arrived there also. We find in a copious journal, whence many particulars of this memoir are taken, many anecdotes of this distinguished artist. It is manifest that there was an uncommon friendship existing between these two Rhode-Island men; and that Waterhouse regarded Stewart as a man of transcendant talents in almost every department of ordinary knowledge. The condition of these two young Americans, in a foreign land, were very dissimilar;—Waterhouse was in the house of Dr. Fothergill, in the sunshine of a noble and generous patronage, and caressed by the first

physicians and naturalists of the age; while Stewart had to work his way to notice by the pencil. We hope that some of these interesting anecdotes may one day be given to the publick. That, which rendered Dr. Fothergill's house peculiarly valuable to a young man, ardently thirsting after knowledge, was the circumstance of its being the resort of the most distinguished philosophers of the age. Dr. Fothergill's long established reputation drew to a publick breakfast every week the most distinguished naturalists and physicians, then on the stage of life. Since his death there is a similar and more numerous resort at the house of Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society. It was here, we presume, that our young physician imbibed his taste for natural history and the delicacies of polite literature.

Beside Lectures, strictly connected with the medical profession, we find our industrious countryman attending the lectures of James Ferguson on experimental philosophy; and of De Costa on mineralogy; and also those on Botany by Curtis; between whom, it appears, there was an intimacy, owing as much probably to the patronage of Fothergill, as to any thing else. In the perusal of the before mentioned journal we were surprized at not finding the name of Dr. Lettsom once mentioned.

After remaining about three years in Great-Britain, Dr. Fothergill concluded to

send his kinsman to the University of Leyden, the most celebrated medical school in the world. Dr. Waterhouse remained at this university four academical years, and the three months vacation of each year he spent in travelling. It appears, that our travelling physician was better pleased with Holland, than any other country; England excepted. He on all occasions extols the Dutch, as a wise people. You cannot, says he, turn your eyes any where in Holland, but you see the traces of wisdom and astonishing industry. In April 1780 Dr. Waterhouse took his degree of *Doctor;* on which occasion he wrote and defended a Latin dissertation, entitled "*De sympathia partium corporis humani, ejusque, in explicandis et curandis morbis, necessaria consideratione.*"

After graduation Dr. W. remained one session longer at Leyden, attending lectures on history, on the laws of nations, and some others, not immediately connected with medicine. He was the first who in the matriculating record, on being desired to write his name and his country, added, "*citizen of the free and Independent States of America.*" This created some uneasiness and some perplexity; but he absolutely refused to erase it, as some urged, who were devoted to the influence of the English minister. About this time he first became acquainted with our late venerable President, JOHN ADAMS, who was waiting the turn of the tide, and the effect of

his own wise measures on the government of Holland. Mr. Adams, his two sons, secretary, and Dr. Waterhouse, formed one family for a considerable time at Leyden. From this time they have been closely connected in the bonds of friendship; and we have been told, that an epistolary correspondence is kept up to this day between that great statesman and the Doctor.

The journal, kept by the Doctor during his residence on the continent of Europe, affords many interesting particulars. We find him in the spring of 1780 accompanying the celebrated philanthropist, *Howard*, in the examination of the Dutch prisons and hospitals. His description of Howard's temper and manners is, we confess, very different from what we had imagined. In the same year we find the Doctor travelling slowly through the Austrian Netherlands towards Paris. In September 1781, we find our traveller in Spain, with more fertility of remark and observation than in France. He describes the mode of religious education, as choaking every thing like science or free inquiry. In October and November we trace our traveller to Teneriffe, exploring the peak, &c. In January, February, and March, 1782, we discover him traversing the Island of Cuba, which for beauty and fertility is described as a second paradise. It was at this place that the Doctor first became acquainted with the celebrated Miranda: this

acquaintance was renewed and kept up after Miranda came to Boston in 1783. He remarks, that General Galvez, who was then with a large force preparing to attack Jamaica in conjunction with the Count de Grasse, and all the other officers of rank, were in the habit of consulting Miranda, as we consult the encyclopædia, for every thing. After visiting some of the Bahama Islands, Dr. W. embarked for his native island, where he arrived in June, 1782; after an absence of between seven and eight years. His old preceptor, Dr. Haliburton, had just quitted the island to settle in Halifax; so that nearly all the medical business centered in his hands; but he was not permitted to rest here; he was destined to fill a more conspicuous station; for almost directly on his arrival certain individuals in the Corporation of the University at Cambridge communicated to him a plan of a *medical school*, and the chair of the *Theory and Practice of Physick* was offered him. This appointment was made without any personal acquaintance beyond the Doctor's professional reputation; for Dr. W. had never been in Boston, nor ever within the bounds of Massachusetts. There was some opposition in one department of the college legislature; but the Corporation rejected with firmness the idea of a complimentary election of any of the sons of Harvard; and persisted in the election of a physician, whose preparatory studies, long acquaintance with

lectures, and thorough knowledge of the two most celebrated medical schools in the world, amply qualified him for the office, and which in their minds gave him a preference to any of the sons of Harvard. To quit, after so long an absence, aged parents and other relations, and an ample share of business, called for serious deliberation; but to use the Doctor's own words on this occasion, "the Cambridge feather dropt in, and turned the scale against the drawing cords of natural affection."

The commencement of all new establishments requires pecuniary aid as well as great personal exertions. There was no salary annexed to this professorship; and the fees from the pupils small. After many difficulties and repeated struggles during five years, the Professor published a *Synopsis of a course of Lectures on the Theory and Practice of Medicine*, part the first, in 47 pages, to show what he wished to do if properly supported; and then resigned his professorship. The Corporation encouraged him to resume his office with the expectancy of a comfortable support. It was five years after this, near eleven years from his first becoming professor, before any establishment was made; and then it did not amount to four hundred dollars a year. To a man, who had lived under the affluent patronage of a Fothergill, such a novel situation must have been peculiarly embarrassing.

In 1786 the College of Rhode-Island complimented Dr. W. with the title of *Professor of Natural History;* on which occasion he compiled a course of twelve lectures, and gave them in the Court-house of Providence. The year following he delivered a second course in the same place. At this time, the Professor was hesitating, whether to continue longer at Cambridge, or return to his native state. His friend and patron, the worthy *Governour Bowdoin*, urged him strongly to remain. In 1788 the Corporation of Harvard College requested him to give *annually a course of lectures on* NATURAL HISTORY, to such students of the two higher classes, as chose to subscribe to them. This transferred the course, which the Doctor had given at the Rhode-Island College, and fixed him at Cambridge. But natural history was a new thing among the young men at college. Among the few books of *Botany* and *Mineralogy* in the college library, few of them appeared to have been ever perused; the Doctor had therefore to excite a taste for this branch of science before he could gratify it. The business progressed but slowly; and it was seven years, (a considerable portion of a man's life) before the number of hearers exceeded a dozen; but among the weaknesses of the subject of this memoir want of perseverance is not to be numbered. It should be remembered, that in this task Dr. W. worked alone, without the countenance of any

congenial spirit this side the Atlantick. About this period he opened a correspondence with *Sir Joseph Banks*, *Dr. Curtis*, and others, on the subject of a Botanical Garden at Cambridge; but was soon discouraged. In the mean time, he undertook in co-operation with *Dr. Lettsom* to make a collection of *minerals*. The splendid cabinet, which ornaments the Philosophy Chamber at Cambridge, will form a durable monument of his industry and research in the mineral kingdom.

But what has made Dr. Waterhouse most known both in the eastern and western hemisphere is the conspicuous and leading part he has taken in the first of all medical discoveries, VACCINATION.

Dr. Lettsom, in an elegantly written account of the four most celebrated promoters of vaccination, viz. *Jenner*, *Woodville*, *Pearson*, and *Waterhouse*, speaks thus of the latter. "My friend, DR. WATERHOUSE, of Cam-"bridge near Boston, with a mind equally "liberal and well informed, and possessing "an ardent spirit of inquiry, which has been "successfully exercised for the honour of his "country, and the benefit of the community, "by his extensive correspondence with Eu-"rope, was enabled *early* to avail himself of "the discovery of the Cow-pock, which he "introduced into America; and which he "has employed with undeviating success; "and his countrymen now justly hail him

" their benefactor, as the JENNER of *America ;* " an appellation, which was first applied by " physicians of this city, *(London)* to their " transatlantick coadjutor !" Dr. Lettsom has in this work given a fine engraved likeness of Professor Waterhouse, whence the one, that accompanies this memoir is taken ; on which subject Dr. L. thus expresses himself. " If these (observations on cow-pock) " afford no novelty of relation, the reader " will have the pleasure of possessing engrav- " ed likenesses of gentlemen, highly distin- " guished in medical science ; and, in a par- " ticular manner, in the knowledge of the " interesting discovery, I have presumed to " discuss. The contemplation of resem- " blance merely of a great character, excites " in the mind a spirit of laudable emulation, " and may stimulate latent powers, that " might otherwise remain dormant, to culti- " vate pursuits, equally conducive to private " happiness and publick good."

Mr. Ring of London, who has written a very complete history of the origin of vaccination and of its progress through the world, speaks thus of its first appearance in America. " Nor is Constantinople the remotest " seat of this beneficial practice, nor is Eu- " rope the utmost extent of its career. It has " crossed the waves of the Atlantick, and " been adopted by Dr. Waterhouse, the " learned Professor of the Theory and Prac- " tice of Physick in the University of Cam-

" bridge. Here the bright beam, that was " to illume the realms of Columbia first " dawned. Here the JENNER of *America* " first appeared ;

" And a new sun in the new world arose."

Dr. Waterhouse's publications on this subject are 1st. *A prospect of exterminating the small-pox, being the history of the cow or kine pock, as it appeared in England, with an account of a series of inoculations, performed in Massachusetts in* 1800. 2d. *A continuation of a narrative of facts concerning the progress of the inoculation, together with practical observations on the local appearance, symptoms, and mode of treating the kine-pock, &c. &c.* 139 *pages.* This elaborate work has has been highly commended in different parts of Europe for the most accurate description of the disease, and for many new and curious physiological observations. It is considered in England, as a standard book on the subject of vaccination. Dr. W's *Discourse on the principles of vitality*, before the Humane Society ; his *Discourse on the rise, progress, and present state of medicine*, before the Middlesex Medical Association ; and more especially his celebrated *Lecture on the evil tendency of Tobacco on young persons, with observations on the use of ardent and vinous spirit*, may be viewed as specimens of his style of composition.

It has been remarked, that Dr. W's course of medical lectures comprises as rich a collection of facts and doctrines as could possibly be contained in the same number of

dissertations; but it is to his *Lectures on Natural History*, that he is most indebted for his high reputation at the University. The subject is more interesting to students in general; add to this, he has polished and adorned the *very various subjects* of this *pleasant course* much beyond his *medical lectures*. These lectures have been growing in reputation and increasing in the number of hearers from year to year. His labours in this department will forever secure him the honour of being the *Founder* of *Natural History and Botany* in the first university in America. THE BOTANIST, in twelve numbers, has been celebrated throughout the United States, and given much celebrity to the monthly publication, in which it appeared. In these papers the subject of Botany is taken up in a new point of view. We learn with much satisfaction, that notwithstanding the new establishment of Botany at Cambridge, it is avowed on all hands, that Dr. Waterhouse's lectures on natural history are meant to be continued and encouraged during his life time; after which, it is probable, both departments will be united in one professorship.

Immersed in literary and philosophical pursuits, and happy in a most amiable family, Dr. W. pays no regard to party politicks. In times, marked by party divisions, and more personality, than good men would have wished to have witnessed, he espouses

neither side with ardour; but living in habits of pleasant intimacy with all parties, he seems to think with Pope Sextus, who said to his cardinals—"*let us amuse ourselves, the best we can, the world will govern itself.*" R.

Boston, May, 1806.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

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REVIEW

Of "The Power of Solitude, a Poem in two Parts; by Joseph Story."

— Of the two, less dangerous is the offence,
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense....*Pope.*

To regulate with accuracy the publick taste, to discover every defect, and point out every beauty, in a composition, is the important and honourable duty of the critick. But when party spirit is suffered to control the judgment, and an author's political sentiments are made the standard of his literary merit, Criticism, with all her "bobs and trinkets," is a mere ridiculous pretender. Yet thus disguised and degraded is her usual appearance in the Monthly Anthology, a publication whose science and classick elegance we are ready to acknowledge, but whose reviews are a disgrace to itself and an insult to its readers. Indifferent to the real merit of the work, on which they decide,

and urged by no principle but political prejudice, they

judge of authors' names and then
Nor praise, nor blame the writings, but the men.

In no instance is this more evident, than in the Anthology for July last, where a poem, of which genius and morality form the beautiful and harmonious structure, is condemned with the most barefaced injustice. The present writer—no one-eyed partizan—is the unbiassed friend of literature, and is induced, by this sentiment *alone*, to lay before you an impartial review of the "Power of Solitude."

The design of this poem, which professes "to mark the influence of Solitude upon the passions and faculties of mankind," was probably suggested by Zimmermann; and as it is a subject appealing rather to the feelings than to the understanding, it seems peculiarly adapted for the display of poetick ornament. This display is here richly made; yet, far from being made the principal object, we view it only as the beautiful drapery of a more lovely form; it is the moral sentiment, which continually excites the attention. The advantages of retirement, in attaining either virtue, or literature, or happiness, are strongly enforced, and many instances are cited from history to prove their truth. A deeply shaded, though, we fear, a just picture of indiscriminate society is frequently presented. Thus

There morbid interest plies her ceaseless art
To dull affection, and seduce the heart;
There, harsh disdain, to human misery steel'd,
With secret triumph hears the fault reveal'd—&c.
p. 17.

And

Keen to destroy, there lurks the insidious smile,
Corrupt in hatred, and in kindness vile;
There lovelorn anguish claims no generous tear,
The look, half pity, kindling barbs a sneer—&c.
p. 37.

Yet we are not allured from these scenes to the lonely cells of devotion or misanthropy. A seclusion from the dissipations of society is recommended but the more effectually to secure the consolations of friendship and the charms of tender affection. Alluding to the latter, he says

Lo! where she turns, what instant beauties rise!
Flowers blush to life, and carols peal the skies,
Ambrosial dews their nectared balm dispense,
To charm with varying sweets the ravished sense—&c.

Referring to Calypso,

On wings divine, aerial spirits shot
Ten thousand odours through her sparkling grot,
Round her rich couch with warbling echoes played,
And arched the myrtle's salutary shade;
With fragrant breath, the cooling zephyrs wove,
But all was sadness in thine absence, love!

* * * * * *

But say, what climes her genial presence greets?
What blest Arcadia owns her fond retreats?—&c.

* * * * * *

She seeks the tranquil hours of social mirth,
The mild communion, the domestick hearth,
Her sister rites with meek devotion pays,
And round the *Lares* twines with melting gaze,
Her ready choice, affection's pensive mood,
Her best reliance, peace and solitude. p. 40—43

The four last lines cannot be excéeded either in poetick harmony, or purity of sentiment ; —this is the language of nature, and *nunquam aliud natura aliud sapientia dicit.*

Mr. Story appears the voluntary imitator of no one. We sometimes recognise in his writings the bewitching tenderness of Moore, but never his disgusting licentiousness ; the brilliant fancy of Merry, but not his unnatural extravagances ; the solid richness of Darwin, without that wearying minuteness, that glittering load of ornament, which too often justifies the epithet of " Darwin's *tinsel* lines." Yet we have, in two instances, remarked a closeness of imitation, that is inadmissible. In page 39 we have the following lines :

Each wish declared, ere from the lips it part,
With magnet influence finds its kindred heart.

These too much resemble Pope's Eloisa, who says,

Where thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.

In page 34 Mr. S. says,

With looks, that ask, yet seem to mock relief.

With looks, that ask, yet dare not hope relief.
Pleasures of Memory.

We were the more surpised to observe this, as nature has given Mr. Story a genius, that requires not the aid of plagiarism. We think him peculiarly happy in description, either of scenery or of character. The poet is thus poetically drawn :

Art, science, nature, aid his swift career,
The torrents lift him and the tempests cheer;
True to his native clime, refined or rude,
His varying numbers seize the varying mood;
Imbued with vivid life, his paintings start,
Strong, daring, rich, and fasten on the heart.
p. 100.

The Anthology names two instances of improper accentuation, viz. "co'quet arts," and "ā'larmed soul." The censure on the former is just; but the critick will do well to read the line, which contains the latter, once more, viz.

Shouts, that freeze the ălă'rmĕd soul.

But, if we mistake not, the *melody* of Mr. Story's poetry is mentioned as a fault, or, at the most, as a very trifling merit. We smile at this, and only repeat the lines of Boileau, who, we are really compelled to believe, is rather better authority than the Monthly Anthology.

Le vers le mieux poli, la plus noble pense'e
Ne peut plaire a' l'esprit si l'oreille est blesse'e.

Mr. S. gives us a proof of this in page 72, where is the following:

Whose polish smooths the mind, and strengthens *too.*

The mere expletive, with which this line concludes, enfeebles it, and disappointing the ear, produces a bad effect.

From "internal evidence," we affirm that the Monody, which is placed at the beginning of the Fugitive Pieces, *is* the production of Mr. Story. We trace in it all his u-

nited force and delicacy. Among these poems there are two only, which we think are not his own, viz. "The Disconsolate," and "Ellen's Adieu." The latter contains a softness, peculiarly feminine, and the former is unworthy of his genius. But the most powerful effort of his pen is "The Druid Rites." This fragment seizes on the imagination, and the blood chills with horrour at the scenes it presents. The most striking is the following:

Lo! wrapt in many a winding sheet,
With *eye of wrath and withering scowl,*
Slowly rise they from the dead,
Each unveils his cowled head,
Muttering sounds of dark intent,
That tell the moody mind on schemes of murder bent.

Who, that peruses this, does not distinctly behold before him the group it describes? Indeed, eminently does Mr. Story possess the power of presenting to the mind, in strong and glowing colours, the picture he is painting. His fame cannot be injured by the attacks of political enmity; his writings are their own defence, and the would-be critick in the Anthology, like the feeble Priam,

Telum imbelle sine ictu
Conjecit. ——

JUSTITIÆ PHILO.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

TRASH....N°. 1.

Φλυσω και φλυσω.

SOME years since, visiting an old college acquiantance, I observed in his library a book, labelled on the back in gold letters—"TRASH." The quaintness of the title induced me to inspect the volume. I discovered that it was made of a number of pamphlets, the ephemeral productions of past time. Here sermons and sonnets—almanacks and addresses—masonick songs and lyrick poems—essays on agriculture and collections of witty sayings, toasts, and conundrums—treatises on tar-water and news-carriers' odes—with the trial and last words of a noted malefactor, and a letter on the culture of hemp—cum CATALOGUS eorum qui & te—alicujus Gradûs Laureâ donati sunt, were by the eccentrick humour of my friend compressed within the covers of a sizeable duodecimo. This is a very singular title,—said I. It is very significant,—he replied. But here are *two sermons*,—I observed rather gravely. One of them—he returned—is very dull, and the other I wrote myself. I still think my title very apposite: and I sincerely wish that every bookseller was obliged by law to impress on his volumes titles, which would as honestly exhibit their contents; we should then have less occasion for reviewers.

This anecdote, I trust, will serve as a plenary explanation of the *head* I have given to the department I propose to occupy in the Polyanthos. Those who are too wise, grave, and learned to be *amused*, when they see my *title*, may pass my humble lucubrations—they can regale themselves on the *ripened* fruits of science ; but there are many, who may wish to cheer the gloom of a stormy evening, or relieve the tedium of busy life, with what may relax without tainting the mind ; and such may have a relish for TRASH.

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During the contest between Charles the First of England and his parliament, when it was fashionable to give scripture names—when Praise God Barebones and Fight the good fight of faith Milbourn were all the vogue,—a worthy pair were blest with a son, born on the day of the battle of Noseby, that decisive battle, which assured entire victory to the parliamentarians ; and whilst this joyful event was celebrated with sermons and thanksgivings, this zealous couple, resolving not to be outdone by any, selected a whole text of scripture, commemorative of the national deliverance, as a name for their son---and the child was accordingly named---"*Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted*" TICHBOURN.—And now, gentle reader, how do you suppose the family contrived to *abbre-*

viate this Alexandrine of a name for every day use?—Guess—Guess —— Ay, I see it is in vain—I must tell you—They called the boy —— Trib ——

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For the Classick Idler.

THE SACRIFICE.

O quale hoc hurly hurly fuit.
Drummond's Polemio-Middinia.

Dum Thomas, in domo of a certain old gentleman vivens,
To his bed, comitante puella, retires in the winter:
She bearing in manu, a warming pan, illam comprimit,
Et certamina veneris the parties begin debellare:
In medio intrat, illud animal, call'd an old woman;
Et videt, horrendum! miro modo in pyxide stupum.
Interea flammæ corripiunt totas bed cloathas;
And fir'd by the warming pan, fumum undique arises.
Sic clauditur scenum, by offering devout sacrifices;
Vulcano and Hecate et Veneri known by her sweet scents. B.

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Leaving the great question, whether the stage is most conducive to vice or virtue, undecided, I never have yet heard it doubted, that it was an excellent school for enunciation. Indeed it seems natural to suppose

that those, whose trade it is to repeat the literary works of others, should be emulous to express themselves according to the best rules of correct orthoepy. I must, to the honour of our Boston stage, declare, that I have had my pronunciation wonderfully corrected in various important particulars during my attendance at the theatre the past season; and I feel the more grateful, as the instruction I received, by which I have been enabled to correct and polish my Yankee utterance, could not have been derived from any other source: as I assure you I have sought for it in vain, in Sheridan, Walker, and others, who have *pretended* to instruct us in elocution. But all men are not parfect. Immediately after the season closed, I addressed the following Varses to my dear Mistriss; wherein I have attempted some of the graces of our theatrical style of pronunciation, by spelling the words as they were pronounced on the boards, as far as our sorry alphabet would enable me: for although our cris-cross row is abundantly ample to express the pronunciation of a Cicero, Ames, or Chatham, yet the poor letters often appear to make awkward and abortive efforts to delineate the elegant tones of our more polished players. S.

Love Varses to the bucheous Daffodel.

Alas! my *shweet* Daffodel's eyes
Ave made a *greet ole* in my *art*:

With *rapchure* my *art* almost dies,
When I see my *adjored* depart.

She's as *bucheous* as morning in May;
No wonder to love I'm *injuc'd*;
She's the *shweetest* of *creachures* I say,
That *nachure* has ever *projuc'd*.

Not *Harculus* boasts of more force;
Not *Dougle-as* shows more desire;
Not *Caato* more *virchus* resource;
Nor *Uthellur* e'er rag'd with more fire—

Than I for *shweet* Daffodel feel,
When *jest* by the woodlands we meet:
She's the *emblum* of all that's genteel;
She's *parfect* in all that is *shweet*.

I made her a *promus* of love;
To *ajore* her was ever my *juty*;
I was *onest* and true as a dove,
For who could be false to such *beauche*!

I never my *promus* will *breek*,
Though the *whirld* should in *phălanx* oppose:
Her *virchue* will bind me to keep
What her *răd*iunt eyes did impose.

My *art haches* to think on her charms,
Lest *forchune* her aspect should *churn*;—
Was the *beauche* but once in my *harms*,
She from me should never *rechurn*.

Shet out from her presence, I mope ;
The shepherd's all call me quite *schupid:*
Would *forchune* then lend mé a rope,
I'd soon bid *ajue* to *shweet* Cupid.

If I lose her, I'll mount on my *orse,*
To bid her *ajue* then inclin'd ;
And to cheer my *art* under her loss,
I'll drink off a bottle of *wīnd.*

As is common with authors who make use of obscure words, we subjoin a glossary for the benefit of the *unlearned* reader.

GLOSSARY.

Ave, have
Art, heart
Adjored, adored
Ajore, adore
Ajue, adieu
Bucheous, beauteous
Beauche, beauty
Breek, break
Creachures, creatures
Caato, Cato
Churn, turn
Dougle-as, Douglas
Emblum, emblem
Forchune, fortune
Greet, great
Harculus, Hercules
Haches, aches
Harms, arms
Injuc'd, induc'd
Jest, just
Juty, duty
Nachure, nature
Ole, hole
Onest, honest
Orse, horse
Projuc'd, produc'd
Parfect, perfect
Promus, promise
Rapchure, rapture
Rechurn, return
Shweet, sweet
Shet, shut
Schupid, stupid
Uthellur, Othello
Virchue, virtue
Wīnd, wine

SELECTED FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Biographical Sketch of

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND is the son of Dr. Denison Cumberland, who died at Kilmore in Ireland, Bishop of that see; a prelate of exemplary character, who fulfilled the duties of his station in a manner that acquired to him universal esteem.

By his father's side Mr. Cumberland is great-grandson to the learned and excellent Bishop Cumberland, author of the work entitled *De Legibus Naturæ*, and many other well known productions. By the mother's side he is grandson to Dr. Richard Bentley, master of Trinity College, in whose house he was born. His mother, Joanna, was the Phœbe, whom Byron celebrates in his famous pastoral of *My Time, O ye Muses.*

Richard was educated at Bury school under the Rev. Arthur Kinsman; but when that eminent master retired, he was removed to Westminster, and was from thence admitted of Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of fourteen. For the first three years of his time, as an under-graduate, he devoted himself so entirely to classical studies, that when he commenced *Soph*, he was summoned to dispute in the schools before he had read a single proposition in Euclid. By the most universal application to mathemat-

ical studies, he in one year made a progress so extraordinary, and established such a reputation, that the schools were crowded at his disputations, and the highest academical honour was awarded him when he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. This was followed by electing him fellow of the college at the age of nineteen, a year before the usual time; and when his views in life were diverted from the profession of his ancestors, he was chosen one of the two lay-fellows of that college, to retain him in the society.

To the late Earl of Halifax he remained attached for twenty years, and accompanied him to Ireland as under secretary in the first year of the king's reign. He then declined the honour of a baronetcy, which his patron pressed upon him, but obtained the bishoprick of Clonfert for his father.

By his wife Elizabeth, the daughter of George Ridge, Esq. of Kilmiston in Hampshire, he had four sons and as many daughters. Of the former, two devoted themselves to the army and two to the navy; in each profession he has lost a son, and in each he has a son still living. Of his daughters, one died an infant, two are married, and one remains unmarried, who was born at Madrid, when he was sent into Spain upon a secret and confidential commission.

In that service, it is supposed he was cruelly and injuriously treated by his employ-

ers ; but as he appears to have maintained a strict silence as to the circumstances of that unfortunate period of his history, we shall not attempt to develope it upon vague and unauthorized report. It is understood that the riots in London traversed all his manœuvres at the court of Madrid, when they were in the most promising posture for a happy termination.

Soon after his return from Spain, with a constitution reduced to the last state of debility, by climate and fatigue, and probably by the mental sufferings which his treatment must have occasioned, he found himself dismissed from the lucrative office of Secretary to the Board of Trade, when that establishment was reduced by what was termed Mr. Burke's reform.

Other circumstances, not less aggravating, had occurred to affect his spirits and reduce his fortune. An aged relation, with whom he lived in no habits of connection or acquaintance, had surprised him by a voluntary adoption of him, as his heir ; he put into his hands the deeds of his estates, and peremptorily required him to cause an absolute transfer to be made to him of his entire property at his death. This Mr. Cumberland would not any otherwise accept, than by attaching to it a condition, that should, in all cases, empower the donor to revoke his voluntary gift. Ten years of uninterrupted harmony and good will between the con-

tracting parties had now expired, when his benefactor saw fit, upon family reasons, to revoke his grant, and reclaim his deeds. They were punctually returned.

Discharged from publick office, he seems to have employed his leisure in those pursuits that were till then diverted into other occupations, by the duties of his station. In this period he has written much and variously. His tracts on the *Spanish School of Painters*, his *Observers*, his *Novels*, his *Dramatick Works*, not to omit the chiefest of his performances, his religious epick called *Calvary*, must be allowed as proofs of a versatility as well as fecundity of talents, not to be disputed, and perhaps seldom, if ever, exceeded by any writer within the same period of years. We are not provided with a correct list of his dramatick compositions, but we know they already exceed in number those of Dryden, and amount to considerably above thirty; and of these not one, but his comedy of *The Dependant*, ever met with a rebuff from the audience. If this be true, it is a very singular instance.

He is accused by his cotemporaries of too great rapidity, and of course carelessness, in his compositions; but of this, none but his intimates can properly judge, as none else can correctly know how many hours of the day he devotes to study, and what pains he may give to correction of his first thoughts. Certain it is, no author can be more amena-

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ble to friendly criticism, nor any more patient under that which is notoriously unfriendly. That he has been strictly and uniformly silent under the lash of illiberality is fully ascertained, and that he has never employed his pen to annoy the feelings of others, is, on his own part, repeatedly and solemnly averred, and on ours, should be as solemnly believed.

"I have, (says he, in his Observers) passed a life of many labours, and now being near its end, have little to boast but of an inherent good-will towards mankind, which disappointments, injuries, and age itself, have not been able to diminish. It has been the chief aim of all my attempts to reconcile and endear man to man: I love my country and cotemporaries to a degree of enthusiasm, that I am not sure is perfectly defensible; though, to do them justice, each in their turns have taken some pains to cure me of my partiality. It is however one of those stubborn habits which people are apt to excuse in themselves, by calling it a *second nature.*" [*Mon. Mir.* 1797.]

Richard Cumberland, Esq. (says the anonymous author of the Pursuits of Literature) is an author of various talents and considerable learning. It is scarcely necessary to enumerate his compositions, in particular his dramatick works, which have received the sanction of publick esteem. In my opinion he has done very great service to the cause

of morality and of literature. He is author of a work called "The Observer," and from the translations in that work of the fragments of the Greek comick writers, I believe all learned readers will agree, that he is the only man in the kingdom, with whom we are publickly acquainted, equal to the translation of Aristophanes. I wish it were to be the amusement of his retired hours. I shall never think he has been "publick too long." But as he has quitted the stage, (as he affirms himself,) such a translation would be an easy, yet an adequate and honourable employment for a man of unquestionable genius, versatility of talents, knowledge of the world, and a *consummate master* of the poetical language of our best ancient dramatick writers. Let us hope that Aristophanes may yet be our own. [*Pursuits of Lit.*]

The following little Poem has lately been in circulation at Tunbridge Wells. It conveys a delicate compliment to the present father of English poetry, the justice of which will hardly be disputed by those who have the advantage of knowing him. It is understood to be the joint production of Mrs. Riddell and Sir James Burges: rumour ascribes to the former the first three stanzas, and the remainder to the latter.

With the Muses and Nature once loitering, quoth Time,
"Your skill you might better employ,
Than in idly contriving such works to sublime
As one stroke of my scythe can destroy."

"Peace, boaster! your laws," cried a Muse, "you will find
One pupil of ours can defy:
Your touch has improv'd the rich stores of his mind
Without quenching the fires of his eye.

"See where CUMBERLAND smiles as our contest he hears,
And displays, as a proof of this truth,
With the treasures of science and knowledge of years,
The spirit and graces of youth."

"Scoff on," Time replied; "the example you bring
As a proof of my power may be shown:
The Muses and Graces may boast of his Spring,
But his Winter I claim as my own.

"You, Nature, endowed him with talents, 'tis true,
And his mind by the Muse was allur'd;
Yet 't was I who directed the shoot as it grew,
And by me was his harvest matur'd.

"Of your gifts I allow you to say what you will,
But here I assert my own claim;
I confess you're the guardians of Helicon's rill,
But I keep the Temple of Fame."

"Be content," cried Apollo, "and hear what I say;
We may equally claim him as ours:
At his birth I illumin'd his soul with my ray;
You, each, have augmented his powers.

"To make him immortal then let us unite,
And wide, like his worth, be his praise:
Set our Riddell at work his encomium to write,
Let her hand weave his Chaplet of Bays."

[*Spirit of the Pub. Jour.* 1804.]

THE RIGOURS OF JUSTICE
EXERCISED ON A FATHER BY HIS SON.

A CERTAIN grocer of Smyrna had a son, who, with the help of the little learning that country afforded, obtained the post of Naib, that is, deputy of the Cadi, and as such, visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all who sold by retail. As he was one day executing his office, the neighbours, who were sufficiently acquainted with his father's character to know that it was necessary for him to be cautious, advised him to conceal the weights he commonly used, and replace them with others, that would bear the strictest scrutiny. But the grocer smiled at their advice, and depending on his relation to the inspector, who, he thought, would never expose him to a publick affront, waited carelessly for his coming.

The Naib, who had reason to suspect his father's dishonest practices, was determined to detect his villany, and make him an example of publick justice. Accordingly he stopped at his door, and desired him to bring out his weights, that they might be examined. The grocer endeavoured to evade this command with a smile, but was soon convinced that his son was in earnest, by hearing him order the officers to search his shop, and seeing the instruments of his fraud, after the most impartial examination, condemned and broken to pieces. Nor did his shame

and punishment end here; for the Naib sentenced him to a fine of fifty piastres, and to receive a bastinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet; the usual punishment for such offences.

The sentence being executed, the Naib leaped from his horse, threw himself at his feet, and wetting them with his tears, cried, "Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, my country, and my station; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to pay the debt I owe a parent. Justice is blind; it is the power of God on earth; it hath no regard to father or son. God and our neighbour's rights are above the ties of nature. You had offended against the laws of justice; you deserved this punishment; you would in the end have received it from some other hand. I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future, and instead of blaming me, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity.

SLIP-SLOP.

ÆMILIUS-Paulus Flaminius-Quintus Julius-Cæsar Muzzlemump is a man of fine natural parts, a great admirer of the liberal sciences, and was educated in the learned profession of a soap-boiler. When he had gone

through a regular process of his professional studies, it happened that the beautiful Miss Margaretta-Maria Sophia-Angelicana Grizzlegig became deeply enamoured with this same Æmilius-Paulus Flaminius-Quintus Julius Cæsar Muzzlemump, and was married to him contrary to the consent of both her papa and mama, who kept a respectable pawn-broker's repository in the polite neighbourhood of Drury-Lane.

A reconciliation, however, was gradually brought about; and in the course of three years, the father and mother both departed this transitory life, leaving Æmilius-Paulus and Margaretta-Maria in quiet possession of a genteel fortune.

Æmilius-Paulus now gave up his business, whereby he became enabled to enjoy at large those more accomplishing pursuits for which nature had so manifestly designed him.

It is about five years since Æmilius-Paulus quitted business; in which time, as he himself says, he has made no small progress in the circle of polite literature: but unfortunately, Æmilius-Paulus and Margaretta-Maria are strangers to that inviolable maxim, upon which subsist all the felicities of wedlock; for, in general, whatever the one admires, the other hath a particular aversion to. In short, they scarcely ever agree two days together; and the subjects upon which they quarrel are frequently education and family.

It is not many days since I had the honour to attend the above lady and gentleman in a coach to that agreeable situation called Mount Pleasant. "I do insist upon your going," says Æmilius-Paulus; "for I'll shew you one of the most sweetest and most rurallest places you ever seed." But we had not ridden half a mile, when Æmilius-Paulus, putting his head out at one of the windows, ordered the coachman to drive more faster: upon which, Margaretta-Maria, putting her head out at the other, ordered him to drive more slower.—"Drive more faster, I say, coachman," cries Æmilius-Paulus.—"I say, drive more slower, coachman," cries Margaretta-Maria. Æmilius-Paulus submitted, and the horses kept only a gentle trot.

When we were arrived at Mount-Pleasant, and had ordered tea and coffee, Æmilius-Paulus, taking me by the arm, assured me, he would now show me a most captervating prospect. "We'll just," says he, "walk up to the surplus of the mount, and then we've all before us.—Here!—here!—here's beauty already!—Now here—now mind—only obsarve!—There's Shooter's Hill!——and there!——Don't you see that there white house there? Don't you see a thing like a cubolo?—Skim your eye a little more this way, and then you'll have it.—O ravishing landscup!—and there's St. Paul's church just before us!—and there's the Monerment!—and there's St. Bride's church, where my

wife and I was married !"—" Ay, hang the church," cries Mrs. Muzzlemump, " I've hated the sight of it ever since."—" And so have I too," replies Æmilius-Paulus.—" And there you see the river Tems and the hills in Surry !—Now is n't this the most rurallest and most sweetest place you ever see'd ?—This is the place for pholosophers !"

Mrs. Muzzlemump, with a kind of contemptuous smile, observed, " that she had been taught to understand, that pholosophers always chose soluntary places to live in :"—but Æmilius-Paulus insisted that she knew nothing about the matter.

When we had sufficiently viewed each attractive object, and had retired to the coffee room, Æmilius-Paulus, looking very importantly at me, asked me, whether or no I had ever read Pope's works ?—" That there Pope," added he, " was a man of fine talons, and a true son of Parnassicus !" Mrs. Muzzlemump, turning her head gracefully toward me, most politely apologized for the insipidity of her husband's company. Upon which, Æmilius-Paulus, looking dreadfully angry at her, called her " a poor illitter'd wretch."

" Illitter'd !" replies Mrs. M. with fine spirit—" What do you mean, Sir, by illitter'd ? My family was never none of them illitter'd ! My uncle Hogwash of Cripplegate Ward (that's now dead and gone), was famous for his larning, and gave me

the best of edercashons; and I was always look'd upon as a lady of genus and senterment, till I had the misfortune to take leave of my senses, and throw'd myself headlong away upon a paltry soap-boiler! I mought have——"

"Soap-boiler, madam!" replies Æmilius-Paulus, with great dignity of resentment—"a soap-boiler!—Surely as good as the daughter of a scurvy pawn-broker!"

"Intolerable imperance!" cries poor dear Mrs. Muzzlemump, with tears in her eyes—"What do you mean, you willain, by your scandal on the memory of my papa? I wish he was alive to hear you."

Æmilius-Paulus would have continued the quarrel, had not I interfered: Mrs. Muzzlemump however renewed it on our return home: and supremely happy I therefore thought myself, when the welcome moment arrived for my taking leave of this blessed couple.

Two of the greatest evils, surely, which deform the human mind, are pride and ignorance united.

The above amiable lady has an only daughter, to whom nature hath indulgently given many personal attractions: but it were better perhaps for the daughter if she was less pretty; for the lessons she daily receives from her accomplished mama may render her, in spite of all her beauty, one of the ugliest objects breathing.

Persons of mean extraction, of confined education, and mistaken ideas, are often the most unfortunate, when fortune apparently smiles most on them; for what is elevation in life without cultivation of manners?

Lon. Paper.

ON THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

PLEASURE, when it is a man's chief purpose, disappoints itself: and the constant application to it palls the faculty of enjoying it, though it leaves the sense of our inability for that we wish, with a disrelish of every thing else. Thus the intermediate seasons of the man of pleasure are more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest criminal. Take him when he is awakened too soon after a debauch, or disappointed in following a worthless woman without truth, and there is no man living whose being is such a weight or vexation as his is. He is an utter stranger to the pleasing reflections in the evening of a well spent day, or the gladness of heart or quickness of spirit in the morning after profound sleep or indolent slumbers. He is not to be at ease any longer than he can keep reason and good sense without his curtains; otherwise he will be haunted with the reflections, that he could not believe such a one the woman that upon trial he found her. What has he

got by his conquest, but to think meanly of her, for whom a day or two before he had the highest honour? and of himself for, perhaps, wronging the man, whom of all men living he himself would least willingly have injured.

Pleasure seizes the whole man who addicts himself to it, and will not give him leisure for any good office in life, which contradicts the gaiety of the present hour. You may indeed observe in people of pleasure a certain complacency, an absence of all severity which the habit of a loose, unconcerned life gives them; but tell the man of pleasure your secret wants, cares, or sorrow, and you will find he has given up the delicacy of his passions to the cravings of his appetites. He little knows the perfect joy he loses, for the disappointing gratifications he pursues. He looks at pleasure as she approaches, and comes to him with the recommendation of warm wishes, gay looks, and graceful motion; but he does not observe how she leaves his presence with disorder, impotence, downcast shame, and conscious imperfection. She makes our youth inglorious, our age shameful. *Budgell.*

PATRONAGE OF GENIUS.

Sed non satis perspiciunt quantum natura humani ingenii valeat....*Quint. a Rol. ed. p.* 33.

It has been a general complaint, that in this country genius has been uniformly blasted by the coldness of neglect; that its seeds have often sprung up and germinated, but for want of culture have produced no fruit, or, if any, of the meanest and most degenerate kind. This complaint, if founded on truth, is indeed disgraceful to our country. I shall not examine the justice of the charge; but, admitting it to be well supported, it is still a question, whether neglect has that deleterious influence on the progress of genius, which it has been so fashionable to believe.

That genius must appear before it can be patronized, is a position, which no one can controvert. Its traces must be discovered, and its operations observed, before it can secure praise and reward. Without proper objects of beneficence, how can there be benefactors? Without Virgil and Horace, what occasion for Mæcenas? Without coadjutors in the revival of literature in degenerated Italy, what opportunity for the munificence of Lorenzo de Medici? A disposition to cherish can never originate intellectual powers, nor give them a direction which nature had not designed. When young men, overcoming by vigour of mind the fear of a world ill-natured, and censorious, and dog-

matical, offer their claims to notice, commendation and patronage may produce an emulation for literary fame, which will give their talents a fuller exercise, but can create no new powers. With such encouragement they may become more confident, but not more capable of exertion.

Cannot then the best capacities be chilled by indifference and oppressed by opposition? Doubtless. But genius has that persevering, overcoming power, which converts indifference into favour, and opposition into patronage. Sometimes this happens, when its career is well nigh finished, and sometimes it is left to the justice of another generation. Aware of the envy and sluggishness of contemporaries, one of the greatest wits and best writers of the last century dedicated his most meritorious work to posterity. But this backwardness to commend and reward has neither checked the imagination of poets, nor prevented the discoveries of philosophers. Milton did not believe himself a blockhead, because his contemporaries were not refined enough to relish his Paradise lost. Corneille did not think himself a more contemptible poet or dramatist, because he enjoyed no portion of the patronage of Richlieu. Not the apprehension of a prison would have made Galileo less curious in discovering, and less confident in believing the truth of the Copernican system; though his timidity and actual suffering led him afterward to abjure it.

It is indeed desirable, that true genius should be encouraged and rewarded; but let it not be supposed, that encouragement and reward are absolutely essential to its progress and success. The warmest encouragement and most enthusiastick love of fame cannot convert arrogance into modesty, dullness into brilliancy, nor ignorance into learning. Among princes and the great the desire and possession of applause has had its full operation and opportunity. Many of the Roman emperors considered themselves orators and poets. They were not contradicted; but they became neither Ciceros nor Virgils. James I. was was inflated with the fulsome adulation of his courtiers, the grossness of which was exceeded only by his own vanity; and what was James I. but a royal pedant?

True genius will ordinarily discover itself, without being drawn into light by the force of patronage. Where there is one flower "born to blush unseen," there are thousands that attract and charm the eyes of mankind. The concealment of talents is always imputable to the possessor; the veil may easily be drawn aside, and the treasure disclosed. The effulgence of Butler's genius dispelled the darkness of poverty, and its warmth overcame the coldness of neglect. The great Dr. Johnson, so far from being checked in his undertakings by indigence, was rather stimulated; and, had he been obliged to beg for subsistence, he would nevertheless have

bequeathed a legacy immensely rich to posterity. And I do not believe that the insolent hauteur of the Earl of Chesterfield toward him, when compiling his dictionary, deducted from his merit as a lexicographer, or philologist. Burns, notwithstanding his limited reading, and information, and intercourse, rose to the first place among the bards of Scotland. Gifford, though shackled under a hard master, and serving at a trade, he abhorred; though deprived of almost every mean of improvement, had invention and perseverance enough to engrave his mathematical calculations and juvenile verses on the sole leather, which was unfit for the last.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples of the progress of genius unprotected and unrewarded. Even disappointment and calamity, instead of concealing genius, lead her from retirement.

Ingenium res
Adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ.

Genius is independent, and active, and persevering; neither perishing with indigence, nor decaying by neglect, nor yielding to opposition. It will discover itself in the peasant as well as in the prince, with reward or without, aided by applause or opposed by censure.

Shame then to those, who shelter themselves under the clamour, that talents are neglected, and make the want of patronage

an apology for the want of genius. That this reproach may no longer be merited, let all exert the talents they possess; and let not the querulous begin to complain, until real literary excellence is despised, and spurious literature only is encouraged. [*Lit. Mis.*]

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

RUSSIAN POETRY.

In Carr's "Northern Summer" we find the following hymn, recited over the dead body of a Russian, previous to its inhumation. It is beautifully solemn and impressive.

"Oh, what is life? a blossom! a vapour or dew of the morning! Approach and contemplate the grave. Where now is the graceful form! where is youth! where the organs of sight! and where the beauty of complexion!

"What lamentation and wailing, and mourning, and struggling, when the soul is separated from the body! Human life seems altogether vanity; a transient shadow; the *sleep of errour; the unavailing labour of imagined existence*, let us therefore fly from every corruption of the world, that we may inherit the kingdom of heaven.

"Thou mother of the sun that never sets; Parent of God, we beseech thee intercede

with thy divine offspring, that he who hath departed hence may enjoy repose with the the souls of the just. Unblemished Virgin! may he enjoy the eternal inheritance of heaven in the abodes of the righteous."

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

THE following passage in the beautiful episode of Palemon and Lavinia, from Thomson's Seasons, is so well known, so universally admired, and so generally quoted, that I am not a little surprised, that, what appears to me, (to say the least of it) a most glaring inaccuracy, has hitherto escaped the notice of criticism.

> He saw her charming; but he saw not *half*
> The charms her downcast modesty *concealed*.
> *Autumn*, v. 230.

That the poet's *meaning* is here very evident, is true, and it is the only way in which I can account for his *expressions* having been so uniformly overlooked: he would say that Lavinia charmed Palemon, notwithstanding her modesty concealed half her beauties. But the above lines do not express this: they impute to Palemon a most extraordinary qualification, that of seeing what is concealed; though this wonderful talent is doubtless somewhat tempered, when we are modestly told that he did not see quite half of an invisible object, of which any one else would despair of obtaining a glimpse. It may be necessary,

after this, to *assure* your readers, that Mr. Thomson was born in Scotland, and not in Ireland. I am, Sir, &c. B. F.

[*Monthly Mirror.*]

THE LITERARY HUSBAND.

FREDERICK Morel was translating Libanius, when some one came and told him that his wife, who had been languishing some time, was very ill, and wished to speak with him. "I have only," said he, "two periods to translate, and I will then come to see her." A second messenger informed him, that she was on the point of death. "I have not more than two words to finish," said Morel, "return to her; I shall be there as soon as you." A moment after another message brought an account of her death. "I am very sorry," said he, "she was a very good woman." He continued his translation.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

AN action, or an anecdote of a nation, often gives us a clearer idea of its character, than all the reflections an historian can suggest for that purpose. The regent Duke of Orleans once asked a stranger, what were the different characters and dispositions of the various nations of Europe? "The only way in which I can answer your Royal Highness is to repeat to you the first questions which are asked among the several na-

tions, in regard to a stranger who comes among them. In Spain they ask, Is he a nobleman of the first rank? In Germany, Can he be admitted into the chapters? In France, Is he in favour at court? In Holland, How much money has he? And in England, Who is that man?"

DUKE DE ROQUELAURE.

ONE finds less union amongst women than men; because they have all the same object—that of pleasing. Contempt shown to their charms is an offence never pardoned. It was one day told to the Duke de Roquelaure that two ladies of the court had quarrelled, and very much abused each other. "Have they called each other *ugly?*" asked the Duke. "No."—"Very well," answered he, "then I will undertake to reconcile them."

INSTANCE OF SUBLIMITY AND PRUDENCE.

A POOR man in Paris being very hungry, staid so long in a cook's shop, who was dishing up meat, that his stomach was satisfied with only the smell thereof. The cholerick cook demanded of him to pay for his breakfast. The poor man denied it: and the controversy was referred to the decision of the next man who should pass by, who chanced to be the most notorious ideot in the whole city. He, on the relation of the matter, determined that the poor man's money

should be put between two empty dishes, and the cook should be satisfied with the jingling of it, as the poor man was satisfied with the smell of the cook's meat; and this is affirmed by credible writers as no fable, but an undoubted truth.

PATRIOTISM IN A WOMAN.

A SPARTAN woman had five sons in a battle that was fought near the city; and seeing one that came thence, she asked him how affairs went? "All your five sons are slain," said he. "Unhappy wretch," replied the woman, "I ask thee not of their concerns, but of those of my country." As to that, all is well," said the soldier. "Then," said she, "let them mourn that are miserable: for my part, I esteem myself happy in the prosperity of my country."

SELECT SENTENCES.

.....

TRUE honour results from the secret satisfaction of our own minds, and is decreed us both by religion and the suffrages of wise men---it is the shadow of wisdom and virtue, and is inseparable from them.

A WOMAN, in the presence of her lover, should never want a looking-glass; as a beau, in the presence of a looking-glass, never wants his mistress.

ALMOST all of us make ourselves unhappy by too much forecast.

NATURE accustoms us to suffer from our infancy, in order to teach us to suffer.

HE that keeps his promise to his own advantage only is scarcely more bound than if he had promised nothing.

I ESTEEM greatly the ignorance of a man, who believes and confesses his knowledge to be confined to what he knows.

MAN is only weak by the disproportion there is between what he can, and what he is willing to do: the only way he has to increase his strength is to retrench many of his desires.

INTERESTED benefits are so common, that we need not be astonished if gratitude be rare.

WE hate the wicked only through interest: if they did us no injury we should look upon them with indifference.

THE people who are most attached to life are almost always those who know least how to enjoy it.

THE misfortune of the most learned is not to know that they are ignorant of what they cannot know.

A WOMAN in politicks is like a monkey in a china shop; she *can* do no good, and *may* do a great deal of harm.

THE MINSTREL.

ODE
ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

By a Gentleman formerly of the University of Aberdeen.

Te dea te fugiunt venti; te nubila cæli,
Adventumque tuum, tibi suaveis dædala tellus
Submittit flores; tibi rident æquora ponti,
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum...*Lucretius.*

HENCE, iron scepter'd Winter, haste,
To bleak Siberian waste!
Haste to thy polar solitude;
Mid cataracts of ice, [rude,
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments
From many an airy precipice,
Where, ever beat by sleety show'rs,
Thy gloomy Gothick castle tow'rs;
Amid whose howling iles and halls,
Where no gay sun-beam paints the walls,
On ebon throne thou lov'st to shrow'd
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

E'en now before the vernal heat,
Sullen I see thy train retreat;
Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,
That on a ravenous tiger rides,
Dim figur'd on whose robes are shewn,
Shipwrecks and villages o'erthrown:
Grim Auster, dropping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue;
And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threat'ning with his arrows keen;

And next in fleecy coat, emboss'd
With icicles, his brother Frost.

Winter, farewell! thy forests hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more;
Farewell the fields, so bare and wild!
But come, thou rose cheek'd cherub mild,
Sweetest Summer! haste thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
Thee April blythe, as long of yore,
Bermuda's lawns he frolick'd o'er,
With muskie nectar-trickling wing,
(In the new world's first dawning spring)
To gather balm of choicest dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint in changeful die
The youthful earth's embroidery;
To cull the essence of rich smells,
In which to dip his new born bells;
Thee, as he skimm'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, smiling sweet,
Where a tall citron's shade embrown'd
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.
There on an amaranthine bed,
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;
Till soon beneath his forming care,
You bloom'd a goddess debonnair;
And then he gave the blessed isle
Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile;
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jessamine;
And to thy care the task assign'd
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roseate infant-births to rear,
Till Autmn's mellowing hand appear.

Haste thee, nymph! and hand in hand
With thee lead a buxom band;
Bring fantastick footed Joy,
With Sport, that yellow tressed boy,

Leisure, that through the balmy sky
Chases a crimson butterfly.
Bring Health, that loves in early dawn
To meet the milk maid on the lawn;
Bring Pleasure, rural nymph; and Peace,
Meek cottage-loving shepherdess!
And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring
Light, and forever on the wing.
Bring the dear muse, that loves to lean
On river margins, mossy green.
But who is she, that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain?
The pale pink binds her aburn hair,
Her tresses flow with pastoral care;
'Tis May the Grace—confest she stands
By branch of hawthorn in her hands;
Lo! near her trip the lightsome Dews,
Their wings all ting'd in Iris' hues,
With whom the pow'rs of Flora play
And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest queen,
Has drest the groves in livery green;
When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bow'r to build,
While Evening veil'd in shadows brown,
Puts her matron mantle on;
And mists in spreading steams convey
More fresh the fumes of new shorn hay;
Then, Goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in museful mood,
Near the rush'd marge of Sherwell's flood;
Or o'er old Avon's magick edge,
Whence Shakespeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There through the dusk, but dimly seen,
Sweet evening objects intervene;

His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk maid chaunts,
The woodman, speeding hence, awhile
Rests him at the shady stile.
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;
Nor tangled woodbines balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent, to breathe perfume;
Nor lurking wild thymes spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet;
Nor wants there note of Philomel
Nor sound of distant tinkling bell:
Nor lowings faint of herd remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot;
Rustle the breezes lightly borne,
O'er deep embattled ears of corn;
Round ancient elm with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer swarms rejoice.
Meantime a thousand flies invest
The ruby chambers of the west!
That all aslant the village tower,
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While with the level streaming rays
Far seen its arched windows blaze;
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints and gleams of light;
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blythe heart in extasies;
And fancy to my ravish'd sight
Portrays her kindred visions bright.
At length the parting light subdues
My soften'd soul to calmer views,
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
Till from the path I fondly stray
In musing lapt, nor heed the way,
Wandering through the landscape still,
Till Melancholy has her fill;

And on each moss wove border damp
The glow worm hangs his fairy lamp.

But when the sun, at noon tide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tower ;
Me, heart rejoicing goddess, lead
To the tann'd haycock on the mead ;
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng ;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath ;
There as my listless limbs are thrown,
On couch more soft than palace down
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil that hums around ;
And see the team shrill tinkling pass,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass,

But ever, after summer show'r,
When the bright sun's returning pow'r,
With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
And cheer'd reviving nature's form ;
By sweet briar hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue ;
There issuing forth the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail ;
While as I walk from pearled bush,
The sunny sparkling drop I brush ;
And all the landscape fair I view,
Clad in robe of fresher hue :
And so loud the black bird sings,
That far and near the valley rings;
From shelter deep of craggy rock,
The shepherd drives his joyful flock ;
From bowering beech the mower blythe
With new born vigour grasps his scythe ;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads,
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever, against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak
Hangs nodding from the low brow'd rock;
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;
Which as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around;
A rustick, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its sides with mantling woodbines wove;
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
Where Helicon's fresh fountain swells;
Or noon tide grot where Sylvan sleeps,
In hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.
Me, goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day!
Sore sighs the weary swan beneath
His withering hawthorn on the heath;
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labours short reprieve!
Meantime on Africk's glowing sands
Smote with keen heat, the traveller stands,
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn,
How does he wish some cooling wave
To slake his lips or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in ev'ry whisper low,
He hears a bursting fountain flow.
Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of sage solitude!
There within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark;
Let me in many a whisper'd rite
The genius old of Greece invite;
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twin'd.

Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Ilissus' laureat shore.
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind.
Or to the forest-fringed vale,
Where widow'd turtles love to wail;
Where cowslips clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak;
In the midst with sedges grey,
Crown'd a scant rivulet winds its way,
And trembling through the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freshness breathes.
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen;
Nor aught alarms the mute repose
Save that by fits an heifer lows;
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a lone hermitage;
Fit place his pensive eld might choose
On virtues holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon t' appease
Some more romantick scene might please;
Or fairy bank, or magick lawn,
By Spencer's lavish pencil drawn;
Or bower in Vallambrosa's shade,
By legendary pens portrayed;
Haste, let me shroud from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aerial height,
In solemn state where waving wide,
Thick pines, with dark'ning umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven tow'rs
Of that proud castle's painted bow'rs,
Whence Hardyknute a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with many a warriour guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quiv'ring lance, and twanging string.

As through the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies spelt in mystick rhymes,
To teach inquiring later times,
What open force, or secret guile,
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild morn in saffron stole,
First issues from her eastern goal!
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy summits brow sublime,
Whence nature's universal face,
Illumin'd, smiles with new born grace;
The misty streams that wind below,
With silver sparkling lustre glow;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear;
O every village charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous rural interchange!
The simple spire and elmy grange!
Content, indulging blissful hours
Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers,
And cattle rous'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,
Canst bid me carol wood notes wild:
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes,
Thy waving wood, embroider'd greens;
What fires within my bosom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take!
What charms like thine the muse can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;
With whom each field's a paradise,
And all the globe's a bower of bliss!
With thee conversing, all the day
I meditate my lightsome lay.
These pedant cloisters let me leave,
To breathe my votive song at eve,

In vallies where mild whispers use,
Of shade and stream to court the muse.
While wandering o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the stock dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
And age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'll fly soft luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around enclose,
Where many a beach and brown oak grows;
Beneath whose dark and branching bow'rs
Its tides a far fam'd river pours:
By nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!
Still grot of peace! in lowly shed,
Who loves to rest her gentle head.
For not the scenes of attick art
Can comfort care, or soothe the heart;
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.
Thither, kind heav'n, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content;
The faithful friend, and cheerful night,
The social scene of dear delight:
The conscience pure, and temper gay,
The musing eve and idle day.
Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
Rapt with the charms of classick wit;
To catch the bold heroick flame,
That built immortal Græcia's fame;
Nor let me fail, meantime to raise
The solemn song to Britain's praise;
To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,
And paint heroick antient deeds,
To chaunt fam'd Arthur's magick tale,
And Edward stern in sable mail,
Or wand'ring Brutus' lawless doom,
Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet Poesy
Let me live true votary !
She shall lead me by the hand
Queen of sweet smiles and solace bland !
She from her precious stores shall shed
Ambrosial flow'rets o'er my head ;
She from my youthful tender cheek
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
The secret and unpitied tear,
Which still I drop in darkness drear.
She shall be my blooming bride ;
With her as years successive glide,
I'll hold divinest dalliance
Forever wrapt in holy trance.

For the Polyanthos.

[*The following Lines are far superiour in poetical merit to most of the odes, elegies, &c. produced on similar occasions. The author, who sent them to us for original, is informed that they were published in the* Columbian Centinel *of April* 2...Ed.]

EFFUSION OF SYMPATHY.

To the afflicted parents, who had lost three children in the course of a few months.

O could bland Sympathy's mysterious charm
Arrest the fever, and its rage disarm,
Granville secure on life's broad base would rove,
Nor parents weep the object of their love.

But not the tear of sympathy, that flows,
Nor ought affection's tenderest care bestows,
Nor yet the healing art, that often stays
The hand uplifted to cut short our days,
Could cause life's ebbing tide anew to flow,
Suffus'd with health's reanimating glow.

Yes, hapless parents, ye again must moan
For hope deluded and for pleasure flown:
But not forever flown! Hope points the way
To that bright world of everlasting day,
Where th' infant spirit shall its parents greet,
Their long forgotten child the parents meet
And every feature, every well known trace,
Be recollected in the kindred face,
Then in the clayey bed by Jesus blest,
And consecrated for thy destined rest,
Till time, revolving on his car, shall bring
Life's long expected, all-reviving spring,
Securely sleep, amidst the countless throng,
Who wait the promis'd hour---nor think the season long,

ALBERTO.

For the Polyanthos.

The following poem was written many years ago, by a lady of uncommon virtue and genius, but never before submitted to the publick eye. Although the excellent writer has long since joined her kindred angels, yet many friends, who venerate her memory, will readily recognize the noble simplicity of her sentiments and style. P.

SINCERITY.

See the majestick form appear!
His open brow, his noble air!
Truth sparkles in his eyes;
Impostors from his presence run,
The hypocrite his face must shun,
Or at his feet he dies.

With face erect he meets the day,
While angels hail him on his way,
And honest souls rejoice;
He scatters blessings all around,
The earth rejoices at the sound
Of his celestial voice.

Let winds and waves be hush'd to peace,
Let war and noise and tumult cease,
And hear what he declares:
"Ye sacred sons of Truth, attend,
Behold, on earth your constant friend,
Sincerity, appears.

"Commission'd from the Almighty King,
To you this well known pledge I bring
Of his eternal love;
I seal your foreheads with my name,
The glorious ornament 's the same
That angels wear above.

"This Royal Signet on your face
Shall shine with such resistless grace,
Where'er you turn your eyes,
The wildest fury it shall charm,
And safely keep you, free from harm,
Home to your native skies."

For the Polyanthos.

THE EXILE'S PRAYER.

Though many a league from thy lov'd shore
Dear native land of pure delight;
Though Fate forbid that ever more
Thy vales shall bless my longing sight:

Yet still may Fancy's magick power,
In colours bright, thy charms display;
Yet still may Hope her blessings shower,
Companion of my devious way.

O God supreme! If these remain,
To thee submissive I resign;
Of ravish'd bliss no more complain,
But own life's dearest joys are mine.

PSYCHE.

Briar-Hill, 1806.

CANTATA,

TRANSLATED FROM METASTASIO.

GENTLE Zephyr, as you fly,
Should you meet my cruel fair,
Whisper softly " you're a sigh
Of a lover in despair"—
But tell her not whose sigh you are.

Limpid brook, (since by your side,
The lovely object oft appears)
Gently murmur as you glide,
" See a hapless lover's tears"—
But keep my name still from her ears.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE REVIEW.

Sed tamen amoto quærimus seria ludo....*Hor. Sat.*

THE REVIEWER REVIEWED.

To chase away spleen, and amuse a dull minute,
Jack sent for a book to the library, and in it
He read a long tale of a crazy old castle,
Of a murder and ghost, a baron and vassal;
Of pictures which frown'd, of aisles which embarrass,
Of sly sliding pannels, and doors hid in arras;
Guardians who *did* wrong, of friars who *did* right,
Old armour, banditti, and musick at midnight;
Of a dagger blood-stain'd, a dungeon quite stairless,
Damps, vaults, rusty bolts, and a dismal fine heiress,
Whose birth was in mystery profoundly benighted,
Who still look'd more lovely the more she was frighted.
Jack read and then gap'd—then read—and then yawned,

Till he threw the book down, and in passion thus stormed :
" Was ever poor lad with such horrid stuff duped?
Did you e'er see a work so horribly stupid ?"
" The work, (replied Richard) to be sure, is a bore,
For I've yawn'd o'er its pages—as you've done—before.
But when you ask gravely, if such dull stuff I've seen,
Yes—I've read its review in a late magazine.
A dull book, to be sure, of all witticism,
Is the dullest, except a dull criticism :
Of unseason'd gruel, this is a luke-warm dish,
A second time serv'd to a stomach that 's qualmish ;
This book makes you gape, while o'er it you 're poring,
But the Boston Review quite doz'd me to snoring."

THE DRAMA.

ENGLISH THEATRE.

THE rage for *childish performances* in the English metropolis seems to have subsided. *Infant Rosciuses* however still spring up in different parts of the kingdom ; each succeeding one being far superiour to the last. Master Frederick Brown lately appeared at Liverpool, and played Douglas, Octavian, Hamlet, &c. In the last character his fame is said to be " established beyond the reach of rivalship."—Nov. 23. Miss Mudie, a child of seven years of age, made her appearance

at Covent Garden. Marks of great disapprobation began to appear in the second act; and before the close of the fourth, control and opposition by the friends of the child were ineffectual. In the midst of the tumult the child, with the utmost assurance, came forward, and thus addressed the audience:

Ladies and gentlemen—I have done nothing to offend the company sent here to hiss me, and I hope you'll turn 'em out.

The audience however would not permit the child to go on; and the part was finished by another person.

On this subject Mr. Holcroft thus expresses himself. "To criticise a child, or to wound the wounded, would be equally unworthy; we have only to congratulate the town on these symptoms of returning sanity."

RUSSIAN THEATRE.

FROM MR. CARR'S NORTHERN SUMMER.

Soon after our arrival, we visited the grand Imperial theatre, or opera house, called the Stone Theatre, which stands in a large open place, nearly in front of the marine garrison, formerly the new gaol, and the Nicolai canal. At four angles in this spacious area, are four pavilions of iron, supported by pillars of the same metal, resting upon a circular basement of granite, within which, in winter, large fir-fires are constructed, the wind being kep off by vast circular moveable shutters of iron, for warming and screening the servants of those who visit the theatre in the winter. Previous to the erection of these sheds, many of those unfortunate persons were frozen to death. The government, attentive to the lives of the people, has interdicted performances

at the opera, when the frost is unusually severe. The front is a noble portico, supported by dorick pillars; the interiour is about the size of Covent Garden, of an oval shape, and splendidly, but rather heavily, decorated. The lower tier of boxes project from the sides, at the back of which are pilasters, adorned with appropriate decorations, richly gilded, above which are three rows of boxes, supported by corinthian pillars, each of which, as well as those below, contain nine persons. Nothing less than the whole box can be taken. It frequently happens that servants stand behind their masters or mistresses in the boxes, during the performance, and present a curious motley appearance. The Imperial box is in the centre of the first tier, projecting a little, is small, and very plainly decorated. The pit has seven or eight rows of seats, with backs to them, in which a commodious portion of space for each spectator is marked off by little plates of brass, numbered upon the top of the back seat; this part is called the *fauteils*. Such is the order observed here, and in every theatre on the continent, that however popular the piece, a spectator may, during any part of the performance, reach his seat, in this part of the theatre, without any difficulty. Behind, but not boarded off, is the pit and the parterre. The price of admission to the boxes and *fauteils* are two silver rubles, little more than five shillings. There are no galleries. The massy girandoles, one of which is placed at every pilaster, are never illuminated but when the Imperial family are present, on which occasion only a magnificent circle of large patent lamps is used, descending from the centre of the roof; at other times its place is supplied by one of smaller dimensions, when the obscurity which prevails induces the ladies to appear generally in an

undress. Although this gloom before the curtain is said to be advantageous to the effect of scenery, yet the eye is saddened, as it runs its circuit in vain for forms adorned with graceful drapery, the glittering gem, the nodding plume, and looks of adorned beauty, that give fresh brilliance to the gay galaxy of light. This theatre is furnished with a great number of doors and passages, reservoirs of water, and an engine, in case of fire, and with concealed flues and stoves, to give it summer warmth in winter. It is always strongly guarded by a detachment from the guards, as well as by the police officers, who preserve the most admirable order among the carriages and servants. It is not an ungratifying sight, after the opera, to pause at the doors, and see with what uncommon skill and velocity the carriages, each drawn by four horses, drive up to the grand entrance under the portico, receive their company, and gallop off at full speed; pockets are very rarely picked and accidents seldom happen.

Owing to the size and quantity of decorations, and the spacious arrangement of the boxes, I should not think the theatre could contain more than twelve hundred persons. Its receipts have never yet exceeded one thousand six hundred and and eighty rubles, or two hundred and forty pounds. How different from a London theatre, which, on a crowded night, is lined with faces, and the very walls appear to breathe!

The first opera I saw was Blue Beard, performed by Italian performers, the subject of which varied but little from the representation of it in England The catastrophe was finely worked up, and drew from the Russians successions of enthusiastick acclamation. Do these sentiments of tenderness, these noble notions of retributive jus-

tice, denote an immutable barbarism? The processions were in the first style of magnificence, the dresses and ornaments were very costly, and it is not unusual to introduce, on these occasions, one thousand men, selected from the guards for the expression of their faces, and symmetry of their figures, to swell the scene of pomp. The orchestra was very full, and combined the first-rate powers of musick. The scenes were handsome and well managed. A room was formed of entire sides, and well furnished; and a garden was displayed with all its characteristicks. The emperor contributes very munificently to the support of this theatre; and all the machinists and workmen are his slaves, they are all under admirable discipline. The introduction of a tree into a study, or fringing the top of a forest with a rich ceiling, scenick blunders which frequently occur on the English stage, would hazard the backs of the Russian scene-shifters. This theatre has a very beautiful set of scenes, which is never displayed but on nights when the Imperial family honour it with their presence. The silence and decorum of the audience cannot but impress the mind of any one, who has witnessed the boisterous clamours of an English audience. The curtain ascends at six o'clock precisely. No after-piece, as with us, only now and then a ballet, succeeds the opera, which is generally concluded by nine o'clock, when the company go to the Summer Gardens, drive about the city, or proceed to card and supper parties.

This theatre is as much dedicated to the Russian Muses, as to those of more genial climates. In this respect Catherine II. pursued the plan of domestick policy, so wisely adopted by Gustavus III.; but the plan, since her demise, has never been encouraged by the higher circles. A Russ

play has the same effect upon fashion in Russia, as George Barnwell has upon the same class in England. Although, in the former, there are some inimitable performers, as in the hero of the latter, one of the most perfect and affecting imitations of nature, in that walk of the drama, ever exhibited upon any stage, is displayed by Mr. Charles Kemble.

I went one evening, in company with my amiable and gallant friend, Captain Elphinstone, to see a Russ opera, called "The School for Jealousy:" it is not much esteemed. As it proceeded, Captain E. explained it to me: the sentiments were frequently coarse, sometimes very obscene; the actors, who were Russians, appeared to perform with great ability; the heroine of the piece was represented by a very pretty and interesting girl, who was taken from the hospital of foundlings: she manifested grace, and a bewitching *naïveté*, and played and sung most sweetly. I am sorry I have forgotten her name; she is the principal Russ actress, and is a very great favourite. In the course of the play, to my astonishment, was introduced a scene of the inside of the mad-house at Petersburg, in which, amongst a number of horrible grotesque figures, a mad periwig-maker threw a handful of hair-powder into the face of a frantick girl, who ran raving about the stage with dishevelled locks, which excited strong risibility among the audience. I was so disgusted at the spectacle, and the applause, that I wished it had not happened; but as it did, I record it. Although an English audience has been delighted at a dance of undertakers, laughed at the feats of skeletons in pantomimes, and in Hamlet has expressed great mirth at seeing a buffoon grave-digger roll human skulls upon the stage, and beat them about with his spade, it could not endure a sight in which those objects, whom pity

and every tender feeling have consecrated, are brought forward with ridicule. But let it be remembered that madness is less frequent in Russia than in milder regions; and hence the people, for they are very far from being strangers to feelings which would do honour to the most civilized of the human race, are less acquainted with, and consequently less affected by its appearance; and when it is thus wantonly displayed upon the stage, it appears under the mask of buffoonery. The government would do well to suppress this and every similar exhibition, calculated only to imbrute a civilized mind, and postpone the refinement of a rude one.

I was much more pleased with the Russ opera of the Nymph of the Dnieper, which is so popular and attractive, that it never fails to fill the seats of fashion. It is chiefly intended to display the ancient costume and musick of Russia. The story is very simple: A prince has sworn eternal constancy to a nymph, who is violently attached to him; his father, a powerful king, wishes him to marry a princess of an ancient house; the prince consents, but the nuptials are always interrupted by the stratagems of the jealous nymph, who appears in various disguises. The first scene was singularly beautiful: it displayed a river and its banks, and nymphs swimming; the manner in which they rose upon the water, was admirably natural; the musick of the ancient Russ airs, in which the celebrated Cossacka is introduced, was exquisite; the scenery was very fine, and displayed a number of pantomimick changes.

The Russian noblemen are fond of the drama; almost every country mansion has a private theatre. Those of the nobility, who, from disgust to the court, or some other cause, confine their residence to Moscow, and the adjacent country,

live in the voluptuous magnificence of eastern satraps: after dinner they frequently retire to a vast rotunda, and sip their coffee, during a battle of dogs, wild bears, and wolves; from thence they go to their private theatres, where great dramatick skill is frequently displayed by their slaves, who perform, and who also furnish the orchestra. These people are tutored by French players, who are very liberally paid by their employers.

AMERICAN THEATRE.

The Charleston and New-York Theatres have not yet closed. Mr. Cooper is performing at the former, and Mr. Twaits at the latter. The Philadelphia Company are at Baltimore; and a section of the Boston corps are performing at Portsmouth.

LITERARY.

AIKIN's "Letters to a young Lady, on a Course of English Poetry," in a handsome duodecimo volume, have been lately published by Messrs. Thomas and Whipple, Newburyport, and Munroe and Francis, Boston. We have not yet had leisure to peruse all these letters; but from those we have read, we feel a strong prepossession in favour of the remainder. We shall endeavour to give a copious review of this elegant work in our next; and in the mean time, would recommend it to the perusal of every lover of poetry.

Messrs. Belcher and Armstrong, proprietors of the BOSTON MAGAZINE, have lately altered the form and title of their paper. It is now published in a pamphlet of twelve duodecimo pages, with the name of THE EMERALD. It contains a series of elegant and classical original es-

says, called THE WANDERER, some amusing DESULTORY SELECTIONS, and considerable ORIGINAL POETRY; and is rising fast in literary reputation. "On a name adopted merely for distinction," say the editors, "no remark need be hazarded, yet if any should require the cause of alteration it will be found in the converse of that well known proposition that 'there is much virtue in a name.' The proprietors have assurance that The Emerald shall be polished by the labours of the learned, and occasionally glitter with the gaiety of wit, and they trust it will be found worthy to shine as one among the gems, which sparkle in the regalia of literature. *They* will answer for its being neatly *set* and making a pleasant appearance to the eye."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Those of our subscribers who have complained of too great a portion of the work being devoted to Theatrical criticisms, will be gratified to see that department curtailed in the present number. To such however we would observe, that *The Drama* has never occupied more than one sixth part of the Polyanthos; though the friends of the theatre form nearly five sixths of our patrons.

Portraits and Biography of the following persons are now preparing for the Polyanthos.

John Winthrop, Esq. first governour of Mass.
James Bowdoin, Esq.
Gen. Joseph Warren,
Gen. Wayne,
Rev. John Higginson, first minister at Salem.
Rev. Mather Byles,
Mrs. Darley,
Mr. Bates.

Several poetical favours are omitted to make room for the elegant *Ode on the approach of Summer.*

☞ *Biographical and Historical Anecdotes, Criticisms, Theatrical Information, &c. solicited.*

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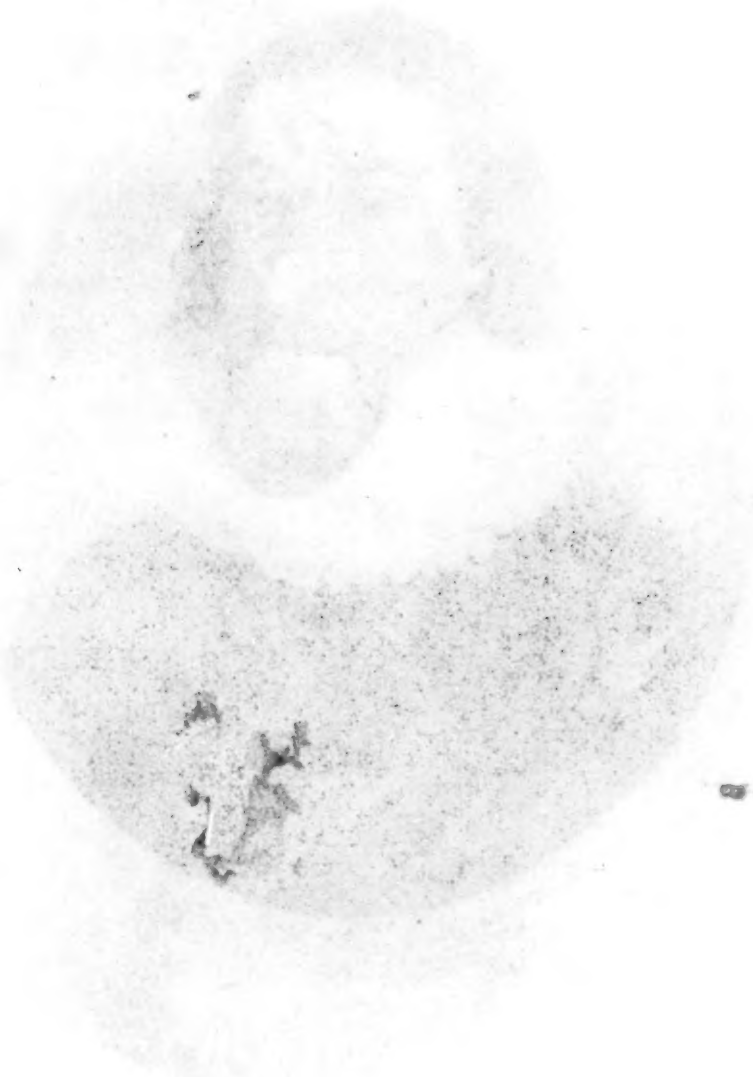

S. Harris sc.

JOHN WINTHROP.